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Anecdotes Concerning Well-Known People

HE WON'T RECOVER.

The man on crutches and with twisted legs had stopped a pedestrian to ask for alms, and the latter looked him over and replied:

"For the land's sake, but how did you get twisted up this way?"

"It was the result of a joke, sir, and I shall never recover from it. All my life I shall remain as you see me now."

"A joke? Did someone come a practical joke on you?"

"No, I came on one myself, sir."

"Had fun with a threshing machine, eh?"

"No, sir. It was in Detroit last year. I was feeling funny, and I asked a member of the Detroit team how much they got for selling out to Pittsburg. Then, sir—then—"

"Then what?"

"Then I awoke and found myself as you see me now. If you can spare 10 cents—"

He got it, and that was no joke.

A SENATOR'S CRITICISM.

Senator Penrose was talking on one of the Atlantic City piers about the stormy "Electra" of Richard Strauss.

"Strauss is very original," said a listener, "but, senator, do you think his theory of music is sound?"

"Yes, indeed—all sound," was the reply.

A WONDER.

Senator Depew talked at a dinner in Washington about the delights of sea voyaging.

"But the seasick," said Senator Depew, "enjoy none of these delights. To the seasick a sea voyage is almost unbearable."

"An ambassador told me the other day how seasick he was on the voyage that brought him over here to assume his official duties. He described his illness with such harrowing details that I said to him, sympathetically, 'You poor fellow. It's a wonder to me you didn't throw up your appointment.'"

COMPLIMENT TO TARKINGTON.

Booth Tarkington, the playwright and novelist, is very fond of children, and has a particularly fascinating way with them. It is a lucky child indeed whom Mr. Tarkington takes on his knee and regales with one of his dainty fairy tales.

A little Indianapolis girl, a journalist's daughter, made Mr. Tarkington's acquaintance last year. Her uncle, heretofore a favorite, called at her house at about this time, and was treated rather coolly by his pretty little niece.

"Why, Madge," he said, "don't you like me any more?"

"Oh, yes," said the little girl, "I like you; but, to tell you the truth, Mr. Booth Tarkington has spoiled me for other men."

ONE OF PALLAS.

Mayor Busse of Chicago told at a lawyers' dinner a lawyers' story.

"Pallas Phelps," he said, "was a well known character of the Chicago of the forties. Pallas was a nondescript sort of lawyer. He got on somehow. Occasionally he pleaded and won a case. But he never had an office. Pallas Phelps' lack of an office was one of the standing jokes of the Chicago bar."

"There were no paved streets in the Chicago of those days, and one morning, after a rainfall, when the roads were usually filthy, Judge Butterfield and Pallas Phelps met at a crossing."

"Good morning, Pallas," said the judge, as he tiptoed through the black mud. "You haven't swept your office this morning?"

FACT SOMETIMES FORGOTTEN. Ex-Gov. Pennypacker, in one of his

addresses on the divorce evils, said at a dinner in Philadelphia:

"The scolding wife, too, break up many a home. Few things are harder for a man to bear than nagging."

Mr. Pennypacker stroked his beard and smiled.

"Let the scolding wife remember," he said, "that while hot water cures many complaints, no husband was ever one whit the better for being kept in it continually."

THE POOR POOR.

"Lord Lansdowne, the head of the tory party in England, has all the tory queerness," said a London correspondent at Atlantic City.

Lord Roseberry, a liberal, the correspondent went on, "blamed the poor the other day for saving up for holiday. The poor should be thrifty, said Lord Roseberry, who has never learnt by experience what hard work being thrifty is. They should save up just for the fun of saving up."

"But Lord Lansdowne goes farther than that. Lord Lansdowne in a recent speech in London said that the nasty English climate was a good thing."

"Nasty weather," said Lord Lansdowne, "keeps the poor at work. When a fine cool, sunny day comes work becomes unpleasant, the poor dream of holidays and are liable to shirk their tasks."

BITTER.

Miss Anna held, at a tea in la Provence, praised the French.

"The only French quality I dislike," she said, "is cynicism, and sometimes I think French cynicism is preferable to Anglo-Saxon sentimentality."

"The mushy Anglo-Saxon idealization of stage hero or book hero is, in my opinion, false to human nature, and the cynical Frenchwoman's remark."

"Nothing equals the skepticism of a married woman, unless, indeed, it be the credulity of an unmarried one."

TOO LATE.

Joseph Widener, the millionaire horseman of Philadelphia, was lunching with a party of Americans at the Ritz in Paris.

Some young ladies of the "professional beauty" type entered. Their clinging gauzy gowns were made of the fashionable mousseline de sole. Their huge hats, covered with waving plumes, descended, as all fashionable hats should do, nearly to their pretty noses. Their white necks were circled by strings of pearls.

The appearance of these young ladies caused the conversation at Mr. Widener's table to turn to the amusements of Paris.

"The amusements of Paris," said Mr. Widener, "are, in the main, clean and wholesome. The theater, the opera—those are the real amusements of this gay and beautiful city. Only the unformed—only men like Deacon Yankton—regard Paris as a modern Babylon."

"Yankton, you know, got a wrong idea of Paris from the tall yarns of some college boys at his hotel, and said regretfully, as he left for his home: 'Gee, I wish I'd come here before I got converted.'"

A POOR PORTRAIT.

F. Hopkinson Smith was congratulated in the smokeroom of the Deutschland on the thoroughly convincing evidence he had given in a recent "art fraud" trial.

"There would be no necessity," said Mr. Smith, "for such unpleasant relations among artists if we could all agree in our criticisms as the critics of a certain Chinese artist agreed, and

if we expressed our opinions as politely as those critics."

"A Chinaman of very high rank had his portrait painted, and when it was finished the painter requested him to inquire of the passersby what they thought of it. The other agreed and asked the first comer."

"Do you think this portrait like?"

"The hat is extremely like," replied the critic.

"The subject of the portrait asked a similar question of a second stranger who answered that the clothes seemed to be exactly reproduced. He was about to interrogate a third when the painter stopped him and said, impatiently: 'The resemblance of the hat and clothes is of no importance. Ask this gentleman what he thinks of the face.'"

"On being asked this question the stranger hesitated a very long time, but at last he replied: 'The beard and hair are first rate.'"

ORATOR ON ORATORY.

William Jennings Bryan, pacing the promenade deck of the Celtic, talked of oratory.

"An orator is only great," he said, "when he has a real subject. The foundation of oratory is truth."

"Truth will always prevail in the end. I once heard a true orator get a hissing. But he smiled and said: 'When a stream of truth is poured on red hot prejudices, it is no wonder they hiss.'"

"And then," said Mr. Bryan, "the hissing turned to hearty applause."

NEW YORK'S TASTE.

Henry Pruger of the defunct Cafe de l'Opera in New York said of his native a few days before he returned to Europe:

"I didn't understand, I'm afraid, the taste of New York. It is peculiar. New York contains a good many Judge McCorkles."

"Old Judge McCorkles so the story goes made his pile in Arizona. He then repaired to San Francisco to spend the rest of his days in luxury. He had \$300,000."

"The judge was dazzled by the splendor and opulence of San Francisco, but he did not let this be seen. Quite the contrary in fact."

The morning after the arrival Judge McCorkle entered the breakfast room of San Francisco's largest hotel, and, having studied the complex menu a long while, he said to the waiter: "Young man, some frijoles."

"Beg pardon, sir. Some what?" said the waiter.

"The judge sneered."

"You don't speak Spanish, hey?" he said. "Well, then bring me some beans."

"I'm sorry, sir," said the waiter, "but we don't serve beans for breakfast."

"You don't, hey?" said the judge sarcastically. "You don't serve beans for breakfast, hey?" His voice quivered with scorn. "Well, young man, I come from Arizona, the poorest kentry on this here globe; but even in Arizona we get beans three times a day."

A GENTLE HINT.

There is a section of New York state where almost every fourth man is a replica of the David Harum or Uncle Josh type. A traveling salesman who hailed from Washington found himself stranded at an "upstate" farm recently. In search of amusement, he wandered out to the barn, where a quaint old chap was engaged in laboriously milking the "lowing herd." The stranger stood watching the process for some time without the old fellow as much as turning an eye in his direction.

to attract "David's" attention, remarked: "Seems to me I've seen you somewhere."

The man on the milking stool never moved an eyelash.

"I've been there," he replied, curtly, and the Washington man, disgusted at only hearing himself think, re-

turned to the house, in the hope that he would find a companion inclined to be more loquacious.

AN ESTHETE IN BLUE.

A woman wearing a cluster of pink roses pressed the button for the next corner. As she went toward the door of the car one of the blossoms became detached from its stem and fell rudely to the floor of the car. A couple boarded the car and two people alighted at different corners. And yet no kindly hand lifted the rose from its hard resting place.

But still the kindly providence that ever looks after the frail and innocent seemed guarding it, for by some strange miracle it had escaped being crushed to death. Then the conductor, a big, grizzled man, with blue eyes, started down the aisle to collect the newcomers' fares.

Those same thoughtful, blue eyes espied the rose, and, unlike the others, he did not "pass by on the other side,"

but stooped and picked it up, tucking it away in the back of the car, where it would be high and dry.

Then a boy began to hum flippantly strains from "The Last Rose of Summer," but the big, grizzled conductor silenced him with a glance. Then some one discovered that behind those thoughtful blue eyes there was a soul which even the humdrum monotony of "ticket-taking" could not

down.

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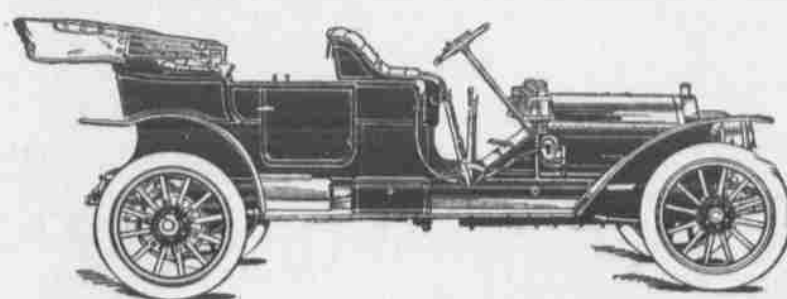
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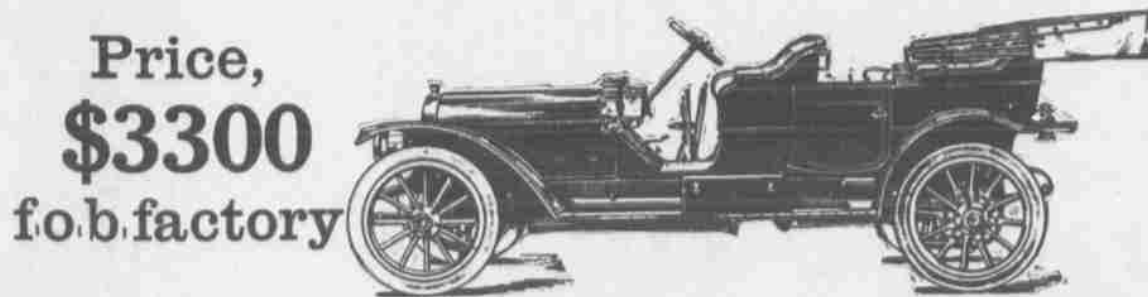


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